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THE CARMELITE

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LINCOLN STEFFENS HIS COLUMN

The turn is come.

¶

It began with a sharp rise in the price of hogs. I like that. It recalls an evening I spent with a great writing economist who was trying to figure out how, when and where the next boom would begin. He couldn't guess. So I have been watching ever since to see what it was that would come around the corner first. And it was the hogs. Two or three weeks ago an obscure paragraph exclaimed that hogs were up. Other bulls saw and grabbed the good news and, as other basic commodities followed the leader to higher prices, I wanted to tell Garet Garrett, my puzzled bull economist, and Robin Jeffers, the poet of depression, to note well the symbolic, scientific fact that our next and probably our last great boom began with pigs; wherever it may end.

¶

Hiram Johnson is home again. The senator has been making a study in Washington of that other less native, more representative Californian, the President of the United States. And Hiram Johnson is articulate, very. I used to know him when we were boys in Sacramento and Berkeley. Hi Johnson could express himself and the rest of us about anybody and anything; and he still can, I'm sure. I wish he would say what he will feel when I start a movement, after this next presidential election, for a third term for Herbert Hoover. I'd like to see a Californian become the first President to break that prejudicial precedent of no more than two terms for any one man to be the dictator of the United States of Big Business. The coming Hoover boom will justify my choice.

¶

And Hiram Johnson can, no matter how deeply he feels, he can say it without using a single fist. It may be difficult but he can put over his view in words. Or, he used to could. On "Hoover Forever" his utterances would be a masterpiece of spoken English. Poor Sheridan would melt.

——————*continued on page four*

Civic Grab-Bag

Minor affairs were dealt with in routine manner at the monthly meeting of the City Council last night. Principal subjects that came up in the course of a two-hour meeting were:—

Unemployment.—At the suggestion of Councilman Heron, a resolution was adopted endorsing the Peninsula relief program as reported in The Carmelite last week. Conditioned on a grant of county funds the plan calls for a committee of fifteen to administer the share that would be allotted to this district. The scheme is understood to have made little headway with the supervisors, the county welfare officer being reported as in active opposition.

Insurance.—Mayor Catlin stated that the fleet policy on city-owned motor vehicles had been awarded to the Metropolitan Casualty as lowest bidder. The same company, a non-board concern, recently wrote a public liability policy for Sunset School.

——————*continued on page two*

Peninsula Music-Makers

Next Tuesday evening will be "the big moment" for the Peninsula musicians of all ages who have been rehearsing as an orchestra for the past two months under the guidance of Michel Penha. The occasion will be the second concert of the Neah-Kah-Nie series in Sunset auditorium, with the "Peninsula Symphony," under the direction of Henry Eichheim, occupying a prominent place on the program.

Henry Eichheim arrived today, in order to take over this evening's rehearsal. Widely known as a composer and authority on Oriental music, Eichheim has travelled on various occasions throughout Bali, Japan, China, bringing back probably the rarest and most complete collection of native instruments in this country. His works usually have their premiere with the Philadelphia Symphony, and later have been played by the principal orchestras of the East. He recently conducted a young people's orchestra in Santa Barbara.

——————*continued on page eight*

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CITY COUNCIL *continued*

The Pound.—Mrs. Louise Dobbins, president of the Peninsula Humane Society, was informed, in reply to a question, that the Council had made no decision in regard to a grant for maintenance of the pound. Four years ago Carmel's annual contribution was one hundred dollars, later increased to two hundred. The current request is for either three or four hundred dollars—it appeared uncertain last night just what had been asked. Entering into the discussion was a letter which Councilmen Jordan and Heron recalled having seen from the Humane Society, purportedly signed by Mrs. Dobbins, which the latter denied having written. According to the councilmen the letter requested a still larger increase than had been agreed upon at a three-town conference several months ago. No enthusiasm was displayed by the Council on the subject last night and no decision was reached.

Library.—A letter from the John Reed Club informed the Council that an offer of books and periodicals had been made to the public library. Implied, not stated, was the suggestion that the offer had been direct to the library staff and had been declined. The periodicals included "New Masses" and several Soviet publications; among the books, one by Foster, Communist candidate for the presidency. Without discussion, the Council referred the communication to the Library Board.

Forest Theater.—Acceptance of the Forest Theater as a gift to the city was urged by the Carmel Employment Commission in a communication which set forth that further improvement of the grounds and the installation of tennis courts at this time would provide suitable work for the unemployed. Councilman Heron stated his belief that as there had been so much dilly-dallying on the part of the Council since the offer was first made about two years ago, the Forest Theater governing body was not particularly interested in conveying the gift in the face of apparent indifference.

Licenses.—B. W. Adams protested the exemption from business license of out-of-town repairmen who periodically visit Carmel in trucks equipped as shops. Referred to city attorney.

Staff.—Chief of Police Englund was granted his customary two weeks' vacation.

Sanitation.—Councilman Heron registered a formal complaint against "the garbage man," the first since the recent flurry over the contract. As near as could be gathered the complaint was referred to Councilman Heron.

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EQUALIZATION

The City Council will meet as a board of equalization next Monday morning at ten o'clock.

"MRS. WIGGS"
(*Editorial Apology*)

A promised review having failed to materialize, The Carmelite faces the necessity of merely recording the fact that "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" was produced by Junior group of the Community Players last week-end.

From all reports the production was very well done, smooth-running and revealing much juvenile talent. The Saturday matinee was particularly successful from the box-office standpoint—practically a sell-out.

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE

An octogenarian, yet vivacious and clear-minded as youth, Mrs. Charlotte Reeve Conover gave an audience in All Saints Parish Hall last night a humorous and vivid account of Moliere and his plays. Following the lecture, there was screened a collection of slides—reproductions from Moliere's plays—gathered in France by the speaker.

FIRE DEPARTMENT BENEFIT

A full-length vaudeville show is being arranged by members of the Carmel Fire Department for presentation in Sunset School Auditorium on August nineteenth and twentieth in aid of the department's uniform fund.

Details of the show will be worked out at a departmental meeting tonight.

FIRE ALARM

A switch-box fire this afternoon at the home of J. L. Doulton, Monte Verde and Thirteenth was extinguished by the volunteer department with little resulting damage.

FIRST CONCERT OF THE NEAH-KAH-NIE SERIES

Reviewed by MARJORIE EIGER

If capacity audiences inspire an artist, then the gala opening of the Neah-Kah-Nie series last Saturday evening should promise some splendid performances. Both Harold Bauer, the guest soloist, and the Neah-Kah-Nie Quartet were caught in the spirit of enthusiasm which rose from the audience.

We felt it rather unfortunate, however, that the Quartet should have chosen Mozart's "Quartet in A Flat Major, K. No. 428," to open their program. The composition is dry and tedious, and that the performers were capable and worthy of something more stimulating was proven by their rendering of the beautiful Schumann "Quintet." As quartet or quintet, their ensemble playing is consistent, although we could wish for a little more force and penetration in the first violin.

Harold Bauer opened with the Gluck-St. Saens "Alceste," whose neo-classic grace and gravity is so well suited to his mature artistry. So fine and sure is his touch, so controlled in his accenting, that not single note is cheated of its full value nor do we lose a single delicate shading or overtone. Ravel's "Ondine," which the composed dedicated to Bauer, was perfectly calculated to bring out the artist's unique virtues. The continuous surge of the waves, the rise of a shining crest, its momentary glitter in the sunlight, and then its breaking, falling away to myriad drops that scattered and lost themselves in sand, such a wave, that seemed to lend itself to many philosophical interpretations in the mind of the virtuoso, swept over us in rippling sound.

Mr. Bauer's rendering of the Chopin "Ballade in A Flat Major" had an unusual flavor, because of the heavy accents which the artist let fall on the first measure. It seemed that he attached more importance to the fact that he was playing a ballad, than to its being Chopin. We missed the freedom, the lightness, the delicate *esprit* which characterizes Chopin for us, and which we did not find lacking in the second encore, "The Butterfly." That subdued manner which is essentially Bauer's, in which minor accents become important, recreates Chopin on a different plane. As a second encore the soloist favored us with his own arrangement of a Bach chorale-cantata whose sustained adagio contained both power, grace, and rhythm.

As a fianale, the ensemble played Schumann's "Opus 44, Piano Quintet," and showed us how a practiced quartet can expand without upsetting their own delicate balance or the rigorous formality of chamber music. The playing was sympathetic and poetic. The second movement *in modo d'una marcia* lending itself to pathos and extreme sensibility was nicely carried by the violins and the inspiring leadership at the piano never made itself unduly prominent. The final movements concluded the program on a note of sweetness and cheer which sent the audience home in fine spirits.

CARMEL EXHIBITS

John Langley Howard's exhibit at the Denny-Watrous Gallery will be succeeded on Monday by a showing of the work of Burton S. Boundey. In connection with the latter the following communication has been received:

Since I came to Carmel two summers ago to build a little house in the woods, I have wandered about from one lovely spot to another still lovelier—entranced, but just a bit lonely—until I discovered the galleries. Here was the human touch—now I need never again feel a stranger in a strange land.

In the Denny-Watrous Gallery I find old friends: prints of Rockwell Kent, full of his joy in living. Pictures of Armin Hansen's which I have spent hours enjoying at the Biltmore Gallery. A canvas by Mora, in whose life class I once studied; Weston's splendid portraits which I knew in his Glendale days and the Bruton Sisters' pictures, Margaret Bruton belonged to our Henri Class at the League.

This brings me to the coming show—a "one-man" by Burton S. Boundey. Here you have a painter. Kept from painting part of his life, he is working now with a fervor that shines from every canvas. I had read Millier's praise of one of the Boundey pictures, in the Los Angeles "Times," but was not prepared for anything so big. It seems to me, to be done as a landscape should be; not a copy of any spot of Earth, yet containing the essence of her beauty deeply felt and beautifully painted. And the man can draw. If you are not trained so that you can see drawing—or the lack of it—through the paint of a picture, take a look at his black and white drawings. Perhaps it is a "matter of taste" that I find every one of these pictures interesting but any person with a sound art training will recognize good work even though he may actually dislike the picture. The thought that keeps recurring to me as I look over the Boundey's pictures is that I wish Robert Henri might be alive and see that another of his disciples had arrived!

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THE CARMELITE
J. A. COUGHLIN ——— *Editor and Publisher*
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Lincoln Steffens --- *continued*

There are other signs—books, articles, speeches, interviews and grumblings—yes, and the President's Finance Corporation—to indicate that people are beginning to see that one of the most dangerous causes of our regular cycles of distress, is not over-production but the money graft, the control of credit by private financiers and the abuse of the banks' sovereign power to coin money. One very clear book is "Liquefied Wealth" by H. C. Cutting, who proves convincingly that it was the scared bankers' change of policy and their calls of call loans in the fall of 1929 that started this depression just as their sudden change of policy toward the automobile industry started the 1921 depression. Mr. Cutting does not go on back to ask what scared the bankers so; nor do the others who see the money cause of our troubles go deep enough. But there are evidently a lot of people who see enough to point to Hoover's saviours as the satans.

¶

Some fiction writer with imagination, sympathy and the experience should write the story of a big bull pool, like one of those told about in Washington. He could show how ethical it is to combine to put stocks up or down and how easy it is to rake off a grand profit. The conversation of the insiders, if real, would show how little brains it takes and yet how swift success fills the participants fast with a swelling sense of their ability, foresight and social usefulness. I have myself felt that very pleasant inflation of self-esteem on a manipulated rise in the market for my few shares and I was only a hanger-on of the pool; not an insider; I only knew the persons and the plans but having got away with my share of the graft, I knew that one gets a conviction that he has done something great and made some money. You can recover your poise later, if you know how. But while the ego is inflating you certainly feel swell. It's so real; you have money to show for it. I used to wonder: "Why work." No earned money can do to a man what unearned rake-offs do.

¶

And, by the way, the best objection one can make to such high salaries as are paid in business, is that they have much the same effect as speculative profits. They make able managers gradually think that they are as you hear them say,, "worth a million" or more and really "earn" one or more hundreds of thousands a year.

¶

But the evil of pool operations is not that men go into them; it's a wonder that more men don't; the cause of it all is that under our economic arrangement, such things are possible, easy and irresistibly tempting. It is just that we ordinary people should have to pay five cent. in perpetuity on the grafts of big men like Raskob and Percy Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, Whitney and Gould and "keep" their children unto three and four generations in idleness, folly and vice.

¶

But never mind. Now that our Senate is finding out how and where some enormous leaks of our money drip out of the consuming market; let's watch and see if the senators do anything to stop up the holes and cut out the opportunities to get hold of fortunes for nothing. They won't, if they represent us. They might "pass a law" to "prohibit" something. That would represent our way of thinking. But they will not remove the cause. That would be "red." Before the summer is over both parties in the Congress will be begging and promising to earn the big contributions of the Raskobs and Co. It takes lots of money to make a president of the American people, and no candidate can himself pay his price.

¶

There's a baby in our house and the mother—. In spite of all I can do and say and illustrate—that mother will not do her duty by that child. She only enjoys it. Whence I draw again my old moral about parents. Fathers, not mothers, should bring up children, especially babies. Then we would not have the laughter and glee that takes all the virtue out of parenthood.

¶

Jack Black, the burglar, has been in my house for a week or so and the conclusion I draw from his conversation, demeanor and mental attitudes is that that man was always as honest as he is now, even when he was working at his trade. Honest as many honest men are not. He always knew just what he was doing. He never deceived himself with lies and excuses. He was aware. There is such a thing as intellectual integrity.

¶

And intellectual integrity is the mother-lode of insight, which is straight-seeing. The researchers need and cultivate and sometimes achieve it. It's what they call the scientific attitude. With it they can see, not what they are looking for; anybody can do that; they can see and see into the facts. Thus they can make discoveries. Jack Black can see and he has made discoveries. The next time he comes here to speak we must get him to tell us how he has seen that condemned men are dead already when they are marched to the gallows.

¶

A couple of lady tourists stopped, stood and stared at my place with a rapt expression of adoration or something like that. It looked as if they knew whose house it was and had "read after" and admired the passion flowers or me; or maybe thought that it was the birth-place of Hoover. But no, when I sauntered toward them to get what was coming to me, they tittered, glanced shyly at one another, then one of them mustered up all her courage, strength and repressed viciousness, and said: "Excuse me, but is this Aimee's cottage?"

¶

And, by the way, what do you say when these tourists ask you which and where is that most famous of show places in Carmel, the spot that made us known to all the world? My answer, for example, is that "I don't know. I'm married so I never inquired." But that does not seem to satisfy them. They stare astonished at me, then they think of something that I don't mean and hastily drive on, in close, dangerous conversation. People should look where they are driving.

¶

Did we look abroad the way Tourists to Carmel look to us; and sound? No wonder, then.

¶

One tourist, who said she knew me and didn't—asked me who to vote for this fall. I told her and she said: "Who is he?" So I said: "Well, then, vote for Hoover."

"Not for Roosevelt?" she exclaimed.

"No," I said, "he's apt to let the Democrats in."

"Thomas?" she pleaded hopefully.

"He'll save business."

"Oh, dear." she felt, "it's so hard to make up one's mind and vote right."

"Never mind," I comforted her, "it doesn't matter what you do."

Porter Emerson Browne

COMMENTS ON THE TIMES

THE SHOT HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD

The stupidity of Washington is colossal! Schooled in the pleasant usages of Prosperity, in adversity they not only have their tail between their legs but apparently their heads there, too.

Rudimentary strategy would show one sound course to have been pursued and this course, dumb as I am, I outlined and sent to President Hoover five weeks ago and received an acknowledgment from his secretary.

The course was to appoint a large reception committee to greet the bonus marchers on their arrival. To establish a cantonment of them to live in if necessary. To make them comfortable. To explain to them in words of one syllable just why the bonus could not be given them—if it could not. To offer them in its stead re-enlistment in the armed forces of the nation, or a chance to go on the land with federal aid. In the event they refused these, too, they would rightly alienate the sympathy of the nation.

No one yet has offered the slightest legitimate reason why this course was not practicable and sound.

But instead the administration allowed the marchers to gather, discontent to mill and mate with discontent—Reds and malcontents and criminals to gather under the bonus cloak—demagogues to encourage them in their idea of tapping the public till—and finally, as was bound to happen, a military clash. This, of course, means the beginning of the end.

The United States is gone, gentlemen! The King is dead. Long live the King. And pray God he has more sense than the last one!

For all that possibly can happen now is this:

The unemployed are increasing. The employed are decreasing. A man unhappy and unemployed wants action. It has been showed, as always happens, that the place of action is the seat of the Federal government. So, regardless of what happens to the present group, other groups will gravitate to Washington and continue to make trouble. There may be two battles or twenty-two. Who knows? And what, does it matter?

Americans will not shoot Americans for the crime of being hungry. So eventually, all troops will join the ranks of the rebels. And as soon as there are enough rebels, they will turn out the patriots—and when this happens, naturally, automatically, their positions reverse and the patriots become rebels and the rebels patriots. George Washington, winner, is a great hero. Loser, a great traitor.

American dumbness in government is appalling. It comes, naturally, from utter lack of background. In Europe sectional ill feeling always is kept alive so that troops from one section can be sent in to quell another. And rulers surround themselves with guards of other countries, which, in the old days, could not even speak the language of the country in which they served.

Military law with well paid and contented troops has been the essence of power always. And still is save in America, the home of the brainless optimist and the corn-fed evangelist. America, in keeping its head in the clouds and its feet off the ground, has certainly broken all records for altitude and sustained flight. Right now we are no nearer solid footing than the stratisphere.

Last night, again knowing about as much in world affairs as a third-rate European, I sent the following night letter to Governor Roosevelt:

> "Strongly urge that you issue statement denouncing Administration for ordering out troops against veterans. Stop. Demand that Washington give every man choice of reenlisting in army or of going on land with Federal aid. Stop. It is such stupid blunders as these that wreck nations. Stop. Yours the only voice that can lead us to sanity. Stop. But you must act now or it will be too late."

Clearly Hoover has no grasp of the situation, nor have his advisors. He has discredited himself—first by not telling the people the honest truth in the beginning and right along—second, by minimizing the danger—third, by resorting in emergency to palliatives only. And fourth, by antagonizing where he should have conciliated. From now on no one can have the slightest use for him save professional Republicans.

No other leader is in sight save Roosevelt. So it is up to such of us as wish to even try to save the mess to urge on him the following rudimentary program:

1. A National Security Act, giving government super-powers for emergency.
2. A propaganda to tell the people the simple truth in simple terms. A mechanical civilization, uncontrolled, has run off with work and with money.
3. A strong standing army.
4. A rigid lopping off of expenses, especially pensions.
5. Government seizure and control of all stocks of arms and ammunition.
6. Deportation for all malcontents and habitual criminals, regardless of nationality. Send them to the Phillipines and forget them. If Washington falls, and it will, all Federal prisons will be without funds. The officials will have their choice of freeing the prisoners, or letting them starve. If freed—the picture paints itself.
7. Rigid Federal control of all production.

And there should be a rigid control of all newspapers and magazines. The public mind should not be obscured by the muddy thinking of the Fords, the Prohibitionists and the Communists who talk of dictatorship of the Propelatariat when then mean dictatorship *to* the proletariat.

IDLE DREAMS

When idle dreams recall to you a brief
And early ended spring, remember not
The flying days that fled to follow grief
With hurrying hours into the endless grot
Of congregating time; and let no more
The gnomes of memory betray the light
That led you to approach my prison-door
And set my captive songs to babbling fight.
Remember me as one the earth allowed
To roam swift hills with you, to find wild flowers
For you, to walk awhile within the proud
Magnificence of dream's high vaulted towers
Until the stairway ended and alone
I stumbled off into a realm unknown.

MICHAEL PARLOW

A CONTROVERSIAL VIEW OF MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY

by H. S. HARPER

Instead of the customary exhibition of paintings, Johan Hagemeyer has hung in his gallery a group of Ansel Adams' photographs, and from the increased attendance one would judge them to be quite popular. I suspect, however, that this popularity may be due to a certain justifiable curiosity that with at least two well-known exponents of the medium in their midst, Carmel people are somewhat interested in seeing how others are faring in the same field.

Such an exhibition brings forcibly to mind the progress photography has made during the past decade—and despite the credos of the various schools, I am inclined to doubt that the "staticism" of Adams, Strand, Weston, Van Dyke, *et al.*, is fundamentally so different from the pictorial stuff of 1914. To be sure there is a technical superiority in present day photography—a certain elegant perfection of detail and minutae which is a decided advance over the fuzzy, diffused prints of a dozen years ago—but that's a mere mechanical consideration and to be expected, just as today's Ford is a much slicker article than its top-heavy ancestor. The range of subject matter has been greatly increased—anything to be found in market, kitchen or garden is considered fair target for the lens, but the very working of the box has been limited till their remains but one possible formula—stop down to one hundred sixty-four or thereabout and make a long exposure. Nor does printing offer any escape; the photographer makes a contact print on glossy paper, entirely eliminating any opportunity of injecting a personal quality. Hang a dozen or more prints by men of this school, unsigned, and then try guessing who did them. Except that one man has a predilection for peppers where another fancies watch springs, it is nearly impossible to distinguish between them. And we are expected to swallow it as an art-form! The ultimate goal of this group must be a sort of reportorial photography, devoid of comment or remark and varying only in selection and arrangement of subject-matter.

There are some of us who may, for a moment, toy with the idea of an analogy between this and the Bach fugue (in fact there is a certain faint familiar sound to it) but the argument is so obviously impertinent that I deem further comment unnecessary.

To come back to Adams' prints, they are flawless, just as the product of any modern machine and as uninteresting save where an old, broken-down house elicits momentarily the sad spectacle of Oakland's shabby, decrepit streets. His portrait of an old lady is down-right sentimental and sufficient proof in itself to refute his avowed intention of staticism. There is one I like though—a factory group, with an air of agelessness about it and a fine compositional quality further strengthened by a beautiful pattern of black and white. As for his scissors and thread, his shells and drift-wood, I find little to distinguish them from so much of the same thing that is being done. One of these days some smart fellow is going to come along and do the old ginger-bread houses of the nineties, all the finery and out-mooded thingummies, in other words, the same thing that Burchfield is doing with water-colors. At any rate that would tickle us more than shells and would likely be hailed as a newer and finer art.

"WESTERN LITERATURE" WEEK

Honoring California's literary past, Governor James Rolph, Jr. has proclaimed August fifteenth to twenty-first as "Western Literature Week," to be observed statewide as part of the celebration of the founding of Western literature, held under the auspices of the League of Western Writers during their convention in San Francisco,

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Merely Gossip

by THE LAMP-POST

During the week he spent in Carmel, Jack Black talked with many Carmelites. It was interesting to see how this man could meet anyone in any field and talk to them on their level, of their interests. With Martin Flavin about playwrighting, for instance. Jack knows about that because he's written a play: he knows more than some people who have written a dozen plays. Because what he does and what he learns he does and learns with imagination.

He talked to Robinson Jeffers about stone cutting. They talked together as insiders. Jeffers learned his from the boulders he made into his house on the sea-cliffs, Black, his from stone-cutting at Folsom.

† †

He talked to D. L. James, kinsman of Jesse James, about banditry; to Fred Bechdolt about criminals in fiction; to a probation officer who called about paroles and what kind of prisoners should be paroled; to a small boy about stealing, and the kid found out from Jack Black more reasons why he shouldn't steal than from all his teacher and clergymen friends and even his parents.

† †

Only with Gus he didn't hit it off. "He gave me a dirty look," he said of Gus, "so I gave him one back." On "Bulls" Jack has a blind spot—his only one—and he admits it. But that doesn't change it. Bulls are a breed apart to anyone who has had dealings with them in an official capacity.

† †

The writer was sitting in San Quentin talking to some prisoners in the reception room. The warden, a former cop, came in. The demeanor of everyone of those prisoners stiffened. They grew rigid with suppressed resentment. "A bull, a bull all over, you can see the bull in him," muttered one between his teeth. One felt that whatever that bull asked would be resented and resisted.

† †

They talk democracy to you. You say, "All right, we're willing to try your democracy." So first they hand you elections by petty politics; and when, still gullible and trusting, you demonstrate by gentle show of hands and numbers the "will of the communities" they don't carry it out. Is it surprising they make you wonder about democracy? If your doctor gives you a medicine that doesn't cure you, and goes on doing that long enough, you go to another doctor.

† †

There are periods of history when one can sit back and smoke a cigarette and discuss philosophy. There are periods when history moves fast and moves about fundamental issues, and then each individual has to decide to act. With lava flowing from Vesuvius you don't say to the villagers living at the volcano's base, "Let's inquire into the causes of eruptions." Yet there are groups of students at the Universities in America, and new ones forming every day, set up to inquire into what goes on in political and economic life.

† †

"Are you threatening us?" asked the beautiful lady of the thunder and lightning in the sky while the storm was raging. "Because, if you are I must tell you that I don't approve of you."

"TWO-BITS" WORTH OF COMMUNISM

(*John Reed Club Correspondence*)

Not long ago a well-informed observer made the prediction that in fifty years the whole world would be communist. Under those circumstances the John Reed Club of Carmel felt it might be wise to have the future Soviet citizens of America know what communism really is, and what the Communist election platform states. There are many confusions in people's minds. "All you want is to destroy" said one of the best read women in the community recently. She was perhaps not aware that the only Soviet country in the world has done more constructive work, culturally, since it had its Revolution, than all other nations.

There is confusion between the different-sounding "Lefts": Socialism, anarchism, the dictatorship of fascism. Next Sunday night a well-known New York Communist, Melvin P. Levy, secretary of the famous Dreiser Committee, will explain the differences and what causes them, and will analyse the trends of social movements that the communist think are leading to the new American Revolution—after which politics will not be so crooked and even the lowliest will have the chance to lead "the good life."

The lecture ("Why You Aren't a Communist)" will be given at "The Getaway," San Antonio and Ocean Sunday evening at eight fifteen.

Andrew Jacobsen

For Supervisor

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CONCERT *from page one*

The work of assembling and rehearsing the Peninsula group has been the task of Michel Penha, Neah-Kah-Nie 'cellist and director. Penha has proved himself not only an outstanding 'cellist—he was solo 'cellist with the Philadelphia Symphony for five years—but a dynamic and inspired director as well.

The program is as follows:

Bach .... Concerto for two violins and orchestra.

Susie Pipes, Hubert Sorenson, soloists.

Boccherini .... Concerto for 'cello and orchestra.

Michel Penha, soloist.

Mozart .... Concerto for violin, viola and orchestra.

Hubert Sorenson, Abraham Weiss, soloists.

Henry Eichheim, conductor.

The players:

Violins: Dr. Marcel R. Bedri, Salinas; Marian Falkenberg, Pacific Grove; Althea Harper, Pacific Grove; Clyde Ingels, Monterey; Grace Knowles, Pacific Grove; Margaret Lial, Monterey; Robert Nagier, Salinas; Rudolph J. Pelunis, Salinas; three players from San Francisco Symphony.

Violas: Geraldine O'Connell Bruckman, Pacific Grove; Helen Peifer, Monterey; Alice Meckenstock, Carmel; player from San Francisco.

'Celli: Doris Fee, Big Sur; Billy Dickinson, Carmel; Ducky Falkenberg, Pacific Grove.

Double bass: Fenton Foster, Carmel; player from San Francisco Symphony.

Flute: Henry Dickinson, Mellicent Heurlin, Carmel.

With paid admissions totalling six hundred twenty-four, the first concert of the Neah-Kah-Nie series established a Carmel record for a purely musical event. Season ticket sales assure a large attendance at the remaining three concerts, but desirable single seats are available in all price ranges.

AT ALL SAINTS

Dr. Leslie E. Learned, rector of All Saints, Pasadena, in Carmel on vacation, will preach at the eleven o'clock service in All Saints next Sunday.

The Reverend Edwin S. Lane, Dean of Trinity Pro-Cathedral in Phoenix, Arizona, is to give a course of lectures in All Saints Church, beginning Sunday morning, August fourteenth at eleven, and every evening of that week at seven-thirty. The series will conclude on Sunday the twenty-first.

These lectures are free to all.